# DEVOTION

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# DEVOTION

by naughtaloid, orphan_account

Summary

Laios loves a god who does not love him.

There are consequences.

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"But," it says, managing to sound mocking and benevolent all at once-

"I think, before I kill you, I will grant you one more thing."

Laios is fully alert now, confused, teary face aimed upwards at his God.

"You so desperately want me to love you," it teases. "'Use me,' you say- as if I am supposed to simply let you die after such a fervent display of loyalty?"

A fleshy tendril wraps itself around him, writhing through the collar of his shirt, massaging the meat of his chest...

"No," the God croons. "No, I think I'll have you give me one last piece of yourself, pretty little mortal."

Notes

this one is a Whammy, y'all. Also pretty out of character.
PLEASE for the love of God mind the tags! Very Dead Dove!

Falin told him, once, that blood was the currency of the gods.

They craved it, she explained; ichor and ambrosia could never replicate something so uniquely *mortal*. There was a reason sacrifices of the flesh had been so commonplace once upon a time, before- and her voice had dipped lower here, lips curled back, *disdainful*- human lives were deemed more *important* than the holy pleasure of a deity.

Standing in the midst of carnage, gore dripping from his fingertips, Laios prays.

He lets his blade, the weapon of the slaughter, clatter to the ground. A chorus of echoes follows the fall, cavernous temple walls screaming repetitions of the sound.

The man can only hope it is enough for his God to take notice.

*This will be the first ritual of its kind in a century. They* will *see you, brother. I know they will.*

Laios puts Falin's comforting words on loop and kneels, scarlet pant-legs managing to soak up even more of the blood pooling beneath him.

"Lord of All," he whispers. "*King of Monsters.* Do you accept this offering?"

The temple is still.

Silent.

Laios waits.

*Tick, tock,* he taps, one, two, rhythm played onto the stiffened hands of a corpse beside him.

*One, two, one, two--*

*Ding...*

The chime of a bell sounds, and a heavy atmosphere descends upon the room, a veritable *fog* of red.

Every breath he takes fills his lungs like smoke, but it does not irritate, no; it tastes like iron and sugar, and Laios cannot get enough.

He breathes.

He breathes, heart pounding like a drum, like a siren-song to the God he awaits, screaming *I am alive, I am alive, I am yours*- devour *me*.

And it *answers.*

The wet crackling of bone fills Laios's ears, snap-pops of flesh bending, ripping, tearing, forming a thick-blooded chorus that makes the man *tremble.* He watches as the bodies around

him are yanked, pulled, maneuvered to somewhere behind him, melding into one great *thing* before his very eyes.

Divine presence is *suffocating* him, tendrils of shadow pulling at his mind, pumping themselves deep into his veins, flooding his throat with cerebral fluid and pus.

He does not turn around. Laios has faith that his God will call for him when it is his time.

The song of meat fades, slowly, as his God's essence pushes itself into a strung-together mortal form- *temporary,* he knows, and not even close to the Lord's true self, but still Laios finds his body *burning* with desire at the thought of seeing what his God has created.

"It has been a long while since I last received such a beautiful gift. Did you make this for me, little mortal?"

It sounds amused, and curious, and- and *hungry.* The voice is akin to nothing he has heard before. Mouths of the dead, moving in tandem, retching and hissing and spitting to form noises that should not, by any means, become words- and yet they *have.*

*Beautiful.*

Laios dares not to move, dares not even *breathe,* as he answers.

"Yes," he says, quiet, firm. "They are yours. I am nothing but the vessel of delivery."

It laughs.

"Nothing but the delivery-boy, and yet the sword I hold- the sword used to *create* this gift so graciously recieved- *screams* of your essence."

It sounds delighted.

"Turn around, little one," it instructs him. "Rise, and face me, so you may know what I have made of this sacrifice."

Laios rises.

The first thing he takes note of is the fact that his sword is, indeed, in its hold. Wrapped in bands of flesh, it sits near the top of the vessel his Lord has created like some sort of treasured pet.

*The vessel.*

The man's better senses fail him and Laios *scrambles* forwards, decorum abandoned in a mad rush to witness the being in all its bloody glory. His feet stop a mere two yards from its start, and his neck cranes upward, eyes blown wide, gorging himself on the sight.

It is *tall,* and *large,* and *horrifying.* It has taken the flesh of the fallen and *twisted* it into a pillar of agony, a shrine of distorted limbs and faces locked into silent screams. Blood coats it, dripping sluggishly from wherever skin had been pushed to its limit and *burst,* unable to

stand the force of reformation. Atop the mountain of meat, a man's torso has been fused, joined at the peak to provide a "face" to the whole thing, a point of reference for Laios (and, he thinks, for Laios *alone*-- who else, after all, is here to witness this heavenly event?).

Laios does not recognize the face of the man, and realizes with a sharp, giddy glee, that this must be his God's *chosen form.* The mortal face it resonates most with, something the most devoted of priests may strive to see for their entire lives and die without so much as a hint from their patron God.

But here it sits, smiling down at him with too many teeth, too many eyes-- eyes so blue they seem to glow in the sanguine light of the temple-- and it is *all for him.*

He feels a tear slip down his cheek.

*"Eager,"* his Lord laughs, and then they *move,* a flurry of flesh-strings and broken bone, giant form uncurling, splitting away from itself the way a centipede may.

Its face is mere inches from Laios's own before he can blink, grinning wolfishly at the awestruck man. "What do you think of this body, little mortal? Tell me."

Laios inhales sharply, mouth falling open as millions of worshipful words churn in the back of his throat, oily and desperate for release.

His God's gaze hardens the longer he takes, and Laios feels another tear trickle from his eyes, a low whimper spilling from his slackened lips.

"Fine, do not speak," they whisper. "*But do not fight it.*"

He has only a second to wonder what they mean before a strip of the Lord's body *rips* from its host and buries itself between his lips, thickening in size as it burrows deeper down the man's throat, twisting, squirming, *pulling* the words from his mind into its own. Laios cannot breathe, choking on meat and his own bloody saliva as the tentacle of flesh takes, and takes, and *takes.*

Laios does as he is told, and does not fight.

He lets his God guide him to his knees, watches through half-lidded eyes as its expression brightens, every pulse of the tentacle adding another sharpened tooth to its wide, wide smile.

Just before he fades to black, skull pounding, lungs burning, the tentacle is ripped from his body with a spray of acidic fluid.

"Well done, little one," his God croons. "I see now it was not disrespect- you were simply overcome with *emotion."*

Laios coughs wetly onto the stone, dry heaving as he turns his neck slowly, painfully, back up towards the divine being above.

"Thank you," he says, voice cracking partway through. "*Thank you.*"

It stares for a second, blue eyes locked onto his own, and then it bursts into wild laughter.

"You *mean* it," they cackle. "Oh, fragile mortal, *you're something,* aren't you?"

Laios smiles, feeling blood drip from between his teeth as the man clambers shakily upright. "Anything for my Lord," he tells it. "Your wish is my command."

"Mm. Old fashioned words, but they ring true in your case, don't they?"

Its gaze remains full of mirth, grin lopsided in a way Laios cannot help but find somewhat fascinating.

"You... You are special, little one," it decides. "Tell me your name."

*His God wants to know his name--* his *name!*

"Laios," he whispers. "Laios Touden."

It leans forward so that their noses are nearly touching, so that every little click of its tongue is loud as a war drum in Laios's ears.

"*Laios."*

It sounds like it's savouring the name, each syllable dragged out to the breakpoint.

"Laios Touden."

It blinks, then cocks its head, clearly pondering something.

He waits.

Laios sees the moment the decision flashes in its eyes, steels himself as their gaze flicks back to him.

"Do you want to know *my* name, precious one?"

He chokes on his own breath at the words, sputtering disbelief.

"W-What, my Lord?"

It clicks disapprovingly. "I said- *Do. You. Want. My. Name, Laios?* You best answer me, little mortal. I do not take kindly to disrespect."

He nods, barely daring to believe it. (This- things like this *did not happen.* Gods did not simply *tell humans their names*- and yet here he is...)

"Yes, yes, oh, *yes,*" he babbles. "Please."

They hum, pleased, and draw back, vessel curling once more into the mountainous pillar of bone. "You may call me *Kabru."*

The second it says its name, a wave of power rushes over him, and Laios falls to the ground with a groan, arms wrapped tight around himself, eyes darting every which way, *frothing* with it all- *he knows his God's name, Kabru, Kabru, Kabru, and Kabru knows his own, and it is so fucking* beautiful *in this form, and he has been touched by his God, oh, oh* fuck, *this was better than he had ever dared to dream-*

"Kabru," he whimpers. "Kabru, *Kabru, Kabru-"*

Kabru watches, still and silent, *radiating* power, as Laios repeats its name over and over like a broken record, again, and again, and again, moaning worship pouring from the man's lips out into the warm temple air.

It watches until all Laios can do is mouth the word, throat dry, lips cracked, limbs limp and trembling, and then it strikes.

Strings of skin shoot from it, wrapping Laios tight as he is lifted up, up, up, towards the top of his God's gigantic vessel. Kabru pulls his arms from where they are clutched around his torso, moves him like a puppet on a string until Laios is kneeling on a platform of writhing corpses, held up by strands of viscera and gore.

Kabru leans down and caresses his cheek with a single bloodstained hand.

"Why did you summon me, Laios?"

Ah...

...and there is the question.

"Because," he rasps. "You are everything, my Lord- *Kabru.* You- You are *beloved."*

*"*Be-*loved,*" Kabru repeats. "And how does that translate to this-" it gestures around the room, evidence of carnage still so clear, "-this spectacular show of death-- what does that have to do with *love*?"

Laios feels himself begin to grin, feels his body begin to shake.

(Falin had always told him he got a bit manic when he talked about his God. It was part of why he worshipped on his own- waking up from a divine trance to find the guts of a new altar-boy on his hands never bode well for their temple's reputation.)

"I love you," he says. "I have always loved you. And you must love me too- you show me villages, decimated by monsters, bodies disemboweled, a beautiful painting of *red* on the ground; you killed them for me, *all of them,* when I was alone and they were coming and you gave me your beasts, crashing from the woods, tearing them down; you give me euphoria when I bleed, you make the scars on my skin worth gaining-" he chokes on his own eagerness here, rambling ever onwards- "you are love, you are violence, you lord over all that is wild

and beautiful and *inhuman,* Kabru, God of my body, God of my soul- how could I not love you?"

Laios is breathing hard, and smiling harder, and his limbs are jerking in directions he did not tell them to, and knows how he must look- *batshit crazy-*

"So I killed them," he whispers. "It was time- Falin told me it was time- I took everyone who thought they loved you, but not more than me, *never more than me,* and I told them you would appreciate the cause, and I tore out their throats and it was *beautiful.*"

Kabru is looking at him with an expression that Laios cannot read.

*Confusion?*

He presses on.

"And- And you came. You came, and you told me *your name*- I was right, wasn't I?

You love me."

Kabru stares at him for a while longer, unreadable, stony.

A realization passes over it, and for a brief, sweet moment, Laios has *hope.*

Then...

...it begins to laugh.

Slow, quiet, rumbling laughter that crescendos to something so intense and loud and shrieking that Laios is surprised the entire temple doesn't come crashing down on them.

"*Oh,* little one," Kabru chokes, tears of hilarity welling in its many, many eyes. "No."

(He meets its gaze, bright and brutal and *honest,* and something in him bends.)

"No," the God continues. "You meant *nothing* to me until this very day- and likely will mean *nothing* once more once it has passed.

I do not love you. I do not *care* for you. You are a servant, a *puppet,* and I am glad to have you for the *service you provide.* Nothing more."

(That bent little something begins to crack.)

Laios feels liquid running down his face; *he is crying,* he realizes distantly.

"Not... Not even a little bit?" he asks, stupidly. His voice wavers, thick with tears.

Kabru barks another sharp, cold laugh. "*Not even a little bit,"* they reply, smile twisting up into something *cruel.*

He pants for a moment, blinking rapidly, haggard breaths ripping through his damaged throat only adding to his pathetic sobs.

*Well.*

Laios looks around at the sacrifice- the thing his God *truly* came for, he realizes with a sad, bitter air.

*There is still one way I can be useful to Kabru.*

"So kill me," he gasps. "Use me, and kill me, and*, and*- just- *please*-!!"

Kabru's hand returns to his cheek, petting the man in a way Laios can't help but lean into, knowing all the while how *condescendingly* Kabru must view him now.

It begins to pull away, and he whines at the loss of contact, scrambling to keep the hand on his skin, scrambling for any last scrap of his God's affection.

"Look at you, Laios," Kabru purrs. "All broken-hearted and *still* you strain so prettily for me."

Laios nods numbly, watching his own tears form a puddle on the fleshy pedestal.

"I think I *will* kill you," it says decisively. "Fun as watching you squirm is, you are more useful to me *dead.*"

The man breathes deep, chin trembling.

"Yes, my Lord," he whispers.

Laios cranes his neck upwards to provide easy access, and closes his eyes, waiting for the blow.

...It does not come.

His eyes crack open once more.

"But," Kabru says, managing to sound mocking and *benevolent* all at once-

"I think, before, I will grant you one more thing."

Laios is fully alert now, confused, teary face aimed upwards at his God.

"You *so desperately* want me to love you," it teases. "*'Use me,'* you say- as if I am supposed to simply let you *die* after such a fervent display of loyalty?"

He doesn't know where this is going.

A fleshy tendril wraps itself around him, writhing through the collar of his shirt, massaging the flesh of his chest...

"No," the God croons. "No, I think I'll have you give me one last piece of yourself, pretty little mortal."

Before he can think, before he can *breathe,* the fleshy platform beneath him is moving, shifting, *seperating.* Corpses rise from the floor, bones crackling back into place, clambering towards him, bare flesh clear and exposed; some are no more than a pair of legs and what lies between. Tentacles of meat and skin like the one that had forced itself inside of him begin to creep towards Laios; he is still being held down by those cords of gore, raised in the air, strung up like a leg of meat in a butchery, and the tendril writhing within his tunic tenses, pulses, and *rips* him bare.

Laios is lain naked before his God, tears staining his cheeks, choking on fear and elation as he realizes *just what* Kabru intends for him.

He opens his mouth to speak, to *thank* them, to say one of perhaps a billion different things, but he never gets the chance.

The same tentacle from before- still slick with his own stomach acid and blood- plunges itself back into Laios's throat, pulsing in and out of his mouth, gagging him utterly as Kabru clicks their tongue in disapproval.

"I don't recall giving you permission to beg, little mortal," it says. Laios can hear the smirk in its voice, self-satisfied and amused. "Unless... perhaps... you weren't going to *beg* at all?"

He shakes his head as vigorously as he can whilst the tentacle continues to fuck his throat, slow and painful.

*Never,* he thinks, hoping to all things that his Lord can hear him.

"You *want* this," Kabru breathes, fascinated.

It laughs.

"Better give you what you want, then, pet," they whisper.

A flurry of motion surrounds him. The corpses, previously still as stone, close in; the tentacles swarm him, wrapping around his arms, his legs, his stomach, petting and caressing his skin as the one buried in his mouth begins to pick up the pace of its movements, blood and drool spilling from the corner of Laios's mouth.

He's hard in what feels like an instant, arousal burning against the humid temple air. The tentacles spread his legs wide, wide, *wide,* allowing room for a decapitated man to wander between Laios's thighs as another with half their upper body missing, eyes glazed in death, clambers on top of him.

"They're very much dead," Kabru whispers, and Laios jerks in surprise as he feels the God's hot breath right next to his ear. "But their muscles still move, and their nerves still *feel.* I wonder if I can reroute *their* pleasure- their *pain,* in death, to *you?"*

Laios feels a mixture of ice-cold fear and white-hot *want* trickle through him, and he groans against the tentacle between his jaws, straining uselessly against the tendrils holding him aloft.

Kabru snaps his fingers, and Laios *screams.*

He's choking on wild sobs, thrashing in the grasp of what holds him; his entire upper body is on fire, nerves screaming of injury that he does not have; his neck throbs and his head feels weightless- like it isn't even *there*- even if he can feel his hair on his neck and the tentacle's girth down his throat- his eyes roll back and his hips buck up into nothing over, and over, and over again.

His God hums, pleased, and the noise cuts through everything, the pain, the agony, the grains of pleasure; like a shot to the heart, he hears, and trembles.

Faintly, he can feel the corpse of the man grip at his hips, cold, brittle fingers already halfway to *rigor mortis*. The tentacles holding his hips open squirm down his thighs to his ass, spreading him open harshly, carelessly, and with a single thrust, the corpse drives itself all the way in.

He's tight and dry without any preparation and it *hurts,* it burns, he can feel blood trickle down his legs from where the corpse is buried inside him- but at the same time he feels like something- something *tight* and *good* is clenching around his cock.

"Shared pleasure, shared pain," smiles Kabru. "How does my *love* feel, little one?"

Laios doesn't think he could have answered even if the tentacle hadn't been muffling his words.

The dead man fucks him with reckless abandon, with no rhythm at all, chasing a release Laios knows will never come for a corpse; he grazes the blonde's prostate with every thrust, but never hits it straight on, torturous sparks zipping up and down his spine every time the body hilts within him. Simultaneously, he can feel himself around his own dick, like sandpaper, almost, before the blood slickens him and all he can feel is *tight,* warm, *amazing.*

The tentacles of flesh massage his body in a chaotic dance, teasing his skin with the lightest of touches, making him whine and squirm as they writhe over Laios's sensitive flesh. The one in his throat has fucked itself deep into him once again, rough pulses of motion in sync with the dead man's not-rhythm, *filling* him so completely Laios thinks he might go insane.

The cadaver atop him grinds its body against his own, kissing and licking at his throat as it does so, adding flashes of pleasure in between the fullness; a non-stop assault on his senses. It's so much, it's *too much,* and Laios's vision goes white as he comes.

Kabru's satisfied purr at the sight rumbles through him, sparking brutally at his now-oversensitive body.

"Good," it says. "*Continue."*

Laios did not expect mercy, but it still *hurts,* and he wails, muffled, *desperately,* as he is ruthlessly overstimulated. The dead man's cock keeps pounding into him, and at a flick of his God's fingers, he's now nailing the blonde's prostate with every single snap of his hips, sending helpless shudders throughout his entire body. The body on top of him pauses its grinding for a mere moment before turning around and taking his entire member into its mouth, cold, mangled tongue practically *electric* in a way Laios can only describe as painful.

The tendril between his lips retreats almost completely out of him, and Laios takes the opportunity to *scream* before it shoves itself all the way back in and *repeats,* pulling out until only the tip remains before ramming back in, deep enough he can see it squirming in his stomach, bulging visibly against his flesh.

He's choking on his own moans as the tentacles massaging him cease their full-body stimulations and slither down to concentrated parts of his body; some join the dead man deep in his ass, spreading him from the inside and applying constant pressure to his swollen prostate, some tighten themselves around the throat of the corpse sucking him off, making it even *tighter,* warmer; some wrap around his chest, flicking at his nipples until a fresh wave of tears spills from his bloodshot eyes.

Kabru's hand is in his all of a sudden, and he grasps it *tight,* blurry vision focusing on his God's face just long enough to see the being's wide, joyful smile. It looks *satisfied,* as if it has just eaten a wonderful meal, and Laios's grip on its hand goes limp, back arching as the cock in his ass picks up the pace, so fast he can't manage to think.

He comes again, and again, and *again,* falling further into a numb electric mindlessness, and Kabru is there, always there, with a tease or a caress or a knife, driving it again and again into the flesh of his torso, stripping away muscle and skin and flesh and he cannot feel it, cannot feel the pain- or if he does, cannot separate it from the pleasure- leaving his organs bare, rib cage shiny and white and untarnished as Laios orgasms *once more.*

His senses stop working, static screaming through his veins, black spots flowing across his vision.

The man doesn't hear the command Kabru gives, only realizing that the tentacles are *gone*- that the bodies are too, that there is no more pleasure, *no more pain,* when he feels cold stone against his back and realizes he is alone.

No, not alone.

Kabru is there, and- Laios feels his eyes widen, what remains of his functioning mind shocked at the sight- it is *exquisitely human,* bare*, naked,* no trace of the mound of flesh and power his God had been previously.

"K'bru..?" he slurs, acid rising in the back of his throat as if offended that he'd tried to speak.

"Yes, Laios?" the- human?- form of his God asks, kneeling beside his prone body.

He wants to ask so many things, wants to tell him so many things, wants to cry, wants to *scream,* but he does none of those things.

Some last bit of strength finds him, and instead, Laios surges upwards-

-and *kisses* him.

Kabru freezes, shocked, and then his hands find Laios's shoulders and he kisses *back,* mouth warm against his own.

He tastes like blood and wine.

They kiss for a moment longer, and then Kabru breaks away, panting, eyes wide.

"You're insane," it says, wonderingly. It smiles, and this time, it doesn't look quite so condescending.

Laios opens his mouth to reply,

and throws up on the ground between them.

It's mostly his own guts, and he realizes dully that most of his intestines had fallen out during the kiss- no skin to hold them in, after all. He'd laugh if his lungs were still functional.

He collapses.

Kabru leans down, curling its body around his own, whispering something he can't decipher, and Laios feels... *happy.*

His eyes close.

*It's...*

*...warm.*

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